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HEALTH IN MICHIGAN.

[BULLETIN 7]

Reports to the State Board of Health, Lansing, for the week ending November 12, 1881, by forty-nine observers of diseases in different parts of the state, show causes of sickness as follows:

DISEASES, IN ORDER OF GREATEST AREA OF PREVALENCE.	Number and per cent. of observers by whom each disease was reported	
	Number.	Per cent.
1 Intermittent fever	43	88
2 Rheumatism	37	76
3 Consumption (of lungs)	37	76
4 Neuralgia	32	65
5 Typho-malarial fever	31	63
6 Bronchitis	25	60
7 Remittent fever	27	55
8 Tonsilites	25	51
9 Diphtheria	22	45
10 Diarrhœa	21	43
11 Typhoid fever (enteric)	19	39
12 Pneumonia	15	31
13 Influenza	14	28
14 Erysipelas	9	18
15 Whooping-cough	9	18
16 Cholera morbus	9	18
17 Inflammation of Bowels	7	14
18 Scarlet fever	6	12
19 Cholera infantum	5	10
20 Membranous Croup	5	10
21 Cerebro-spinal Meningitis	4	8
22 Measles	3	6
23 Puerperal fever	3	6
24 Inflammation of Brain	3	6
25 Sore Throat	2	4
26 Dysentery	2	4
27 Pharyngitis	1	2
28 Puerperal convulsions	1	2
28 Diphtheritic Paralysis	1	2
28 Bright's Disease	1	2
29 Metritis	1	2
29 Continued fever	1	2
30 Catarrh	1	2
31 Hemorrhage, Lungs	1	2

Comparing the week ending Nov. 12 with the preceding week, there has been a considerable increase in the area of prevalence of diphtheria, and a considerable decrease in that of diarrhea and remittent fever. Judging from past experience diarrhea has now reached about its least prevalence but remittent fever may be expected to still further decline during the next three months.

Special reports have been received of small-pox at St. Joseph, Berrien Co., and in Bingham and Leelenaw townships, Leelanaw County. The disease was brought to St. Joseph from Chicago. In Leelanaw county it began with two Indians who contracted it at Traverse City while loading a vessel with wood. One case of smallpox at Albion is reported November 20, 1881. Because smallpox may be brought to any locality at any time by immigrants or travelers, it is prudent for all persons to seek protection by vaccination or revaccination with pure bovine virus. Local boards of health are authorized by law to make provision for free vaccination.

HENRY B. BAKER,
Sec'y State Board of Health.
LANSING, Mich., Nov. 14, 1881.

Nature's Undertakers.

How often do we hear the query, "What becomes of all the dead birds!" The secret of their mysterious disappearance was but just now half told by the buzz of those brown wings, and the other half is welcome to any one who will take the trouble to follow their lead. This beetle is one of man's incalculable benefactors. It is his mission to keep fresh and pure the air we breathe. He is the sexton that takes beneath the mould not only the fallen sparrow, but the mice, the squirrels, and even much larger creatures that die in our woods and fields.

Beneath that clump of yarrow I found just what I had expected—a small dead bird—and the grave-diggers were in the midst of their work. Already the rampart of fresh earth was raised around the body, and the cavity was growing deeper with every moment, as the busy diggers excavated the turf beneath.

Now and then one would emerge on a tour of inspection, even rumaging among the feathers of that silent throat, and climbing upon the plumy breast to press down the little body into the deepening grave.

These nature-burials are by no means rare, and where the listless eye fails to discover them the nostril will often indicate the way, and to any one desirous of witnessing the operation, without the trouble of search, it is only necessary to place in some convenient spot of loose earth the carcass of some small animal. The most casual observer could not fail soon to be attracted by the orange-spotted beetles. Entomologists assert that these insects are attracted by the odor of decay; but from my own humble investigations I have never been able to fully reconcile myself to this theory.

If it were the question of odor alone in this dead bird, for instance, it would be difficult to explain the bee-line flight of these humming-beetles, two of which came swiftly toward me even from the direction of the wind, and dropped quickly upon these feathers hidden from sight among the grass. Perhaps in such an instance we might imagine that they had been there before, and knew the way; that they had noted this clump of yarrow, maybe: but I have observed the fact before when there was every reason to believe that no such previous visit had been made.

I am alwas glad of the opportunity to watch these meadow burials. And had you accompanied me on that morning walk, you would have looked with interest at those little undertakers—seen that feathery body toss and heave with strange mockery of life as the busy sextons worked beneath it, digging with their spiked thighs, shoveling out the loose earth with their broad heads, and pulling down the body into the deepened cavity.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Louisiana has offered to the Israelite Immigration Society of New York city 160 acres of land to each and every family the society may locate in a certain part of the State. In response to the offer a committee of ten has been sent to New Orleans to meet the State agent and arranged for the transfer of a number of families.

Upon reptiles the fluid secreted in the head of the toad acts as a powerful irritant. On man it produces no effect beyond a slight local irritation.

One of the latest applications of electricity is to the working of a forge hammer, much like the steam arrangement.

The English steamers arriving at Boston are crowded with freight, and, according to the Traveler, some of the recent arrivals were unable to take all that was offered. It is only on the return voyages that cargoes are short.

AT THE GATE.

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

I would go through, but that the gate is shut,
Flung wide to some as if at touch of finger;
Whose hinges yet my strong desire rebut—
As at the barrier, in unrest, I linger.

The fields look far beyond, and harvests glow
With sheen to match the temper of my sickle;
Might I but reap there, my glad zeal should know
A hand untiring and a heart unfickle.

Thus plead I, with myself, before the gate—
In wonder half, and half in childish sorrow
That while the reapers work, I only wait,
And watch each fading day till dawns to-morrow.

But am I sure that waiting is not best—
When God's own angel is the closed gate's warden;
Since strength, from dull, involuntary rest
May spring, the sinews of the soul to harden?

My waiting days are moments in his sight,
Who of my toils and tears the score is keeping;
No loss to him befalls whose will is right,
Nor rusts the blade the Master stays from reaping.

And it may be the gate is not between
My harvest and my hand: that, round me growing
Up-springs where thistles and sharp thorns have been,
Is grain I needed only faith for knowing!

And at the gate I shall not miss the voice,
That yet may bid me with the reapers gather;
So, here or there, to wait or work, the choice—
Till rest is heaven—be thine, not mine, O Father!

—*Watch Tower.*

A WIFE'S CONFESSION.

I did not marry for love. Very few people do; so in this respect I am neither better nor worse than my neighbors. No, I certainly did not marry for love; I believe I married Mr. Cartwright simply because he asked me.

This is how it happened. He was the Rector of Doveton, and we lived at the Manor House, which was about ten minutes' walk from the church and the rectory.

We had daily service at Doveton, and I nearly always attended it, and it came to pass that Mr. Cartwright invariably walked home with me. It was a matter of custom now, and I thought nothing of it; it pleased him, and, on the whole, it was rather pleasant to me also.

I must confess, however, I was rather surprised when, one morning as we got to the avenue which led up to the Manor House, Mr. Cartwright asked me to be his wife.

I have never been able to find out why I said Yes, but I did; perhaps it was because he was so terribly in earnest that I dared not refuse him; perhaps I feared his pale face and his low pleading voice would ever haunt me if I rejected his love; or perhaps it was because he only asked me to marry him—he did not ask me if I loved him, for I think he guessed I did not; perhaps it was all these reasons put together; but anyhow I said Yes, and in due time we were married.

I ought to have been very happy, for he was a most devoted husband, but I was not; and though I did not notice it then, I know now that for the first six months after our marriage he was not happy either.

It was all my fault, I either would not or could not love him; I accepted all his devotion to me as a matter of course, but I made no effort to return it; and I am sure he had found out that he had made a mistake in marrying a woman who did not love him.

One morning, about six months after our marriage, he told me at breakfast that he intended leaving me alone for a few weeks, to stay with his mother, who was not very well. He watched the effect of this announcement on me; but, though I was really displeased, I concealed my annoyance, and asked carelessly when he would start.

He replied, the next day if I had no objection, and so it was settled.

He was more affectionate than usual that day, and I was colder than ever; I only once alluded to his journey, and that was to ask if I might have my sister Maud to stay while he was gone.

The next morning, I was anxious to avoid a formal parting, so I drove to the station with him; as the train moved off, I remembered this was our first parting since our marriage, and I wished I had not been so cold.

When I got home, the house looked so dreary and empty, and there was no one to meet me; presently one of the servants came for the shawls, and with her Nero, Mr. Cartwright's retriever, which, when he saw I was alone, set up a howl for his master. I patted him, and tried to comfort him, feeling rebuked by his grief, as he followed me, whining, into the house.

Every room seemed empty, and each spoke of the absent master; at last I wandered into his study, where he spent his mornings, and liked me to sit and work; and now I remembered how often I had excused myself, saying I preferred the drawing-room, and this reflection did not add to my happiness.

There was a photograph of me standing on his writing-table, and another on the chimney-piece; on the walls hung two or three of my drawings, which he had begged of me when we were engaged; indeed, the room was full of little remembrances of me. I opened a book I had given him, and in it was his name in my handwriting, and underneath, in his own, "From my darling wife."

I laid it down with a sigh, as I thought how carefully he treasured everything I had given him, and how little care I took of all his gifts to me.

Everything I attempted, everything I looked at, reminded me of his goodness to my, and of my coldness and ingratitude to him.

At last I went to bed, where, after working myself into a fever of anxiety lest he should not have reached the end of his journey in safety, I at length cried myself to sleep.

The morning I went down to breakfast with a heavy heart, for I knew I could not hear from him till the next day; it seemed so strange to breakfast alone, and Nero appeared to think so too, for he was most unhappy, sniffing round his master's chair in the most melancholy manner.

My plate, for the first time since my marriage, was empty, as I sat down to breakfast, for my husband, who was a an early riser, always had a little bouquet to greet me with every morning; frequently I forgot all about it, and left it to be put in water by a servant; this morning I would have treasured it most carefully if he had gathered it.

After breakfast I determined to rouse myself, and go and visit some poor people in the villiage, so I filled my basket with some delicacies for the sick, and set out.

Wherever I went it was the same story: all held forth on my husband's goodness and kindness, for all had been helped by him in some way or other, and all loved and respected him.

As I listened with burning cheeks, I felt as if I was the only person on earth who had treated him with cruel ingratitude, and I was the very person whom he most loved and cherished.

At last I went home, tired and sick at heart; but there was no one to notice I was pale and worn out, no one to get me wine or soup to revive me, no one to make me lie down and rest as he would have done had he been there. Oh, how I missed him! What a fool I had been! Was there ever woman loved and cared for as I had been? Oh, why had I ever let him leave me? I was sure he would never come back. Why had he gone away?

And conscience answered:

'You drove him; he gave you all he had to give, and in return you gave him nothing but cold looks and unkind words; and so he left you to seek love and sympathy from his mother.'

This thought almost maddened me. In fancy I saw her sitting in my place by his side, loving and caressing him, as I had the best right to love and caress him; I pictured her receiving tenderly the little loving acts I had received so coldly, and now I was seized with a jealous anger against her.

I mentally accused her of estranging my husband from me, and of trying to win his love from me, as though his heart was not large enough for both of us.

When Maud arrived in the afternoon, I treated her to a long tirade of abuse against mothers-in-law in general, and my own in particular, and I vented all the anger I really felt against myself on the innocent Mrs. Cartwright.

'Why, Nelly,' said Maud, 'I thought you liked Mrs. Cartwright so much, and thought her so nice, that you even wanted her to live with you, only your husband very properly, as mamma says objected."

'So I did,' I answered; 'but I did not know then she would ever entice my husband away from me in this way, or, of course I should never have liked her."

'Really, Nell, you are very hard on the poor woman; for, as I understand, Mr. Cartwright went to her of his own free will, because she was not well, and he thought his company would do her good,' said Maud.

'Nonsense; I am sure he would never have left me alone, unless she had put him up to it,' I replied, rather crossly.

'The truth is, Nelly, you are so much in love with your husband that you are jealous even of his mother; and you are making yourself miserable about nothing. Why, Mr. Cartwright will be back in a fortnight, and I dare say you will get a letter from him every day; so cheer up, and let us go for a drive,' said Maud.

I agreed to this plan, and giving Maud the reins, I lay back and thought of her words. Was she right after all? Was I jealous? Was I really, as Maud said, in love with my husband? Had I only found it out now I was deprived of his company? Was this the reason I could do nothing but inwardly reproach myself for my conduct to him? And the longer I thought the more convinced I became that Maud was right, that I was jealous, and that I was in love, as she called it.

The knowledge did not make me happier, for I no sooner knew I loved him than I longed to tell him so, and make up, as far as I could, for all my former cruelty; for I could call my conduct by no milder word.

I passed a sleepless night, and as I lay awake I composed various letters of confession, which I resolved to send the following day; but when morning came my pride stepped in, and I began to feel it would be impossible to write, and I settled I must wait till my husband came home, and then tell him how his absence had altered me.

I got up early and walked out to meet the postman, so anxious was I to get a letter from him. It was the first I had ever received from him since our marriage, and no girl was ever so anxious for, or so pleased with, her first love-letter as I was over this.

It was a long letter, full of loving messages and terms of endearment, all of which cut me to the heart, for they sounded like so many reproaches; in reality, I think there was a tone of reproach throughout the letter.

He gave me an account of his journey and of his mother's health, and begged me to write to him a few lines every day, but he said not a word about returning.

I spent the morning in answering it, much to Maud's amusement, who, of course, thought I was pouring out volumes of love and complaints of my temporary widowhood.

After tearing up about a dozen sheets of paper, I at last sent a short note, cool, and with no allusions to my misery; the more I tried, the more impossible I found it to write any expression of love or penitence, though I was hungering to do so.

For a whole week I went on in this way, suffering more acutely every day, every day receiving long, loving letters from Mr. Cartwright, and writing short cold answers.

I lost my appetite, I could not sleep at night, and the torture I was enduring made me look so ill that Maud became frightened, and declared she would write and summon my husband home, and tell him I was pining away for him.

I forbade her doing this so sternly that she dared not disobey me; for I determined he should never hear from any lips but mine that at last his heart's desire was attained, for I loved him.

At last, when he had been away ten days, I could bear it no longer, for I felt I should have brain-fever if I went on in this way; so I determined to go to Melton, where Mrs. Cartwright lived and see my husband.

I came to this decsion one night, and went into Maud's room early in the morning to tell her my intention; I expected she would laugh at me, but I think she guessed something was wrong, for she seemed glad to hear it, and helped me to pack a few things, and set off in time to catch the morning train.

It was theee hours' journey; they seemed three years to me, for the nearer I got to my husband the more impatient I was to see him. At last we got to Melton, a largish town. Of course, as I was not expected, there was no one to meet me, so I took a carriage to Mrs. Cartwright's house, where I arrived about three o'clock.

I learnt afterwards that Andrew was with his mother in the little drawing-room when I drove up, but thinking I was only a visitor he escaped into another room; so I found my mother-in law alone.

By her side were some of my husband's socks which she was darning—socks which I had handed over to the servants to mend, and which I now longed to snatch away from his mother. His desk stood open, a letter to me, which he was writing, lying on it.

The servant announced me as Mrs. Andrews, my voice failing as I gave my name, so that Mrs. Cartwright held up her hands in astonishment when she saw who it was.

'My dear Nelly! Has anything happened? How ill you look! What is it?' she exclaimed.

'I want my husband!' I gasped, sinking on to a chair, for I thonght I should have fallen.

Without another word Mrs. Cartwright left the room. I feel sure now she guessed all about it, and I can never thank her enough for forbearing to worry me with questions as to what I had come for.

She came back in a few moments with a glass of wine, which she made me drink off, saying she would send him to me at once if I took it. I complied, and she went to fetch him, in another minute I heard his step outside the door, and then he came in.

'Nelly, my love, my darling! what is it?' he cried, as I rushed into his outstrechcd arms, and hid my face on his breast, sobbing bitterly.

For some moments I could not speak at last I recovered myself enough to sob out:

'Oh, Andrew, my love—my dear love can you ever forgive? I came to ask you and to tell you I can't live without you!'

I would have said more, but his kisses stopped my mouth, and when at length he let me go, there were other tears on my cheeks besides my own.

That was the happiest hour of my life, in spite of my tears; and before my mother-in-law again joined us, which she discreetly avoided doing till dinner-time, I had poured out all I had to tell into my husband's ears; and I had learnt from him that he had left me to try what effect his absence would have on me; for he had felt for some time that my pride was the great barrier he had to overcome to win my love.

He had judged right. He was too generous to tell me how much he had suffered from my indifference, but I know it must have grieved him terribly. He is a different man now, he looks so happy, and I know he would not change places with any one on earth.

We went back to the Rectory the next day, but we could not persuade Mrs. Cartwright to come with us; she said we were best alone, and I think she was right.

Some Very Strong Men.

In the year 1371, a man known as "Monsieur Gregoire," astonished the people of Europe by his feats of strength. It is said that he was afraid to carry his own baby, for fear he might squeeze it to death without knowing it.

Joseph Paspichilli was in the habit of amusing the Hungarian public by holding a table in the air by his hands and teeth, while a couple of gypsies danced upon it. He and his brother could bear upon their shoulders a wooden bridge, while two horses drew over it a wagon loaded with stones.

Simba, an Arab, whom Mr. Stanley, the explorer, met, could toss an ordinary sized man ten feet into the air, and catch him in his descent. He would take a large white Muscat donkey by the ears and, with one jerk, throw the surprised beast upon its back. He once trotted around a house, carrying twelve men.

William Joy, who in his day, was known as the "English Samson," could hold a strong horse by the reins though the horse might be lashed ever so furiously, and though Joy stood on the ground.

THE FARM.

The "pink-eye" epidemic, now raging among the horses at Baltimore, Washington, Chicago and some other cities, is thus described: "The animal affected first shows weakness, declines to take food, the pupils of the eyes become discolored, the lids inflame, and the tongue shows evidence of high fever, being very hot to the touch. In some cases swelling and stiffness of limbs ensues, this being a serious symptom, and most frequently worse to the hindmost than in the foremost limbs."

Grapevines do much better when planted in the Fall. They will not thrive on low wet soil, but succeed best on high dry ground with enough slope to carry off the surplus water. The soil should be enriched by well rotted manure, bone dust, or some fertilizer that is not rank and coarse, and should be thoroughly and deeply plowed. Set the vines in rows eight feet apart, the strong growing kinds being planted eight feet apart in the row, and weaker sorts at six feet apart. Make holes about one foot deep and two feet across, having two or three inches of good rich soil in the bottom of each hole, and spread out the roots carefully in every direction. Put fine rich soil around and in among the roots, and fill the hole to within two inches of the top. Then place around each vine a shovelful of fine, well rotted manure. Cut back the vine to within two buds, and at the approach of winter mound up the soil over the vine to the height of eight or ten inches, to protect from freezing and thawing in winter. When planting, it is better to set a small stake in the center of the hole before the vine is set than to drive it in the ground afterwards.

Quick Returns.

The making of quick returns in any kind of business is always a desirable matter where it is a possible thing to carry out this principle in any business enterprise that may be undertaken. In the production of live stock it is desirable to have this kind of principle prevail to the fullest possible extent. It is very certain no branch of live stock production can be worked on this principle to any better advantage than the raising of hogs can. This is especially the case since summer packing has been established at different leading points in the country as a regular business. It seems that since the establishment of this summer packing business it has never been possible for the packers to command as many bacon hogs as have been wanted. The summer packing-houses are all engaged in curing bacon for the different markets, and this has grown to very large proportions as a branch of our American packing trade. The kind of hogs that is wanted for this large and increasing bacon trade can in a regular way be produced easier, quicker and cheaper than any other kind of live stock in the whole list. An average weight of about 200 lbs, and just middling fat is what the packers want for the manufacture of bacon. And where proper arrangements are made to carry on the business of swine production in a systematic way, hogs of this kind by the thousand can be got ready for market at 6 or 7 months of age, and when got ready for market they are always quick sale at strong prices as compared with what heavy and very fat hogs may be selling for. During the summer season of each year a large portion of the feed given such hogs may be good clover; they should of course have enough corn to give reasonable firmness to the flesh so that they may not be ruled on to the list of 'grassers.' Taking the best breeds of hogs that are now known, and ten months with proper feeding and care makes a good mess-pork hog. These want to be a thick, broad-backed hog, and weigh from 300 to 350, and as the case now stands there is not a month in any year but what hogs of either of these two kinds can be sold readily in a dozen different markets in the Western country and what kind of business is there on the whole list that will make quicker returns or pay better profits than the raising of hogs will pay under all these conditions.

SLEEP AS A FARM CROP.

MR. EDITOR: We were at Pastor Spooner's to take tea, last evening, and a new crop came for discussion, which may be profitable for some of your readers to cultivate more systematically. The old style teadrinking, confined to about a half-dozen, outside of the family, is the nearest approach to social dissipation allowed in church circles in Hookertown. The modern festival, with its buskin performances, and other devices of filch money out of reluctant pockets for the support of the gospel, has not invaded these parts. Mr. Spooner says: "If you want church privileges, pay for them squarely, as you do for your government and your family expenses. A thrifty church should be as much ashamed of begging as a thrifty farmer." Dr. Blossom took the lead in the conversation, and when we were seated at the table, remarked: "Sleep, I think, is about the most profitable crop grown on the farm."

"How do you make that out," inquired Mr. Spooner. I thought men and women were the glory of our Connecticut farms."

"Very true, if they were only finished," the doctor said; "but, alas! a large per cent. of them, especially the women, are broken down in health, and mainly for the want of seven or eight hours of sound sleep every night. Sleep is quite as essential as food to vigorous health, and the bed and its surroundings should receive as careful attention as the table. In the olden time, when the habits were more simple, the food plainer, the houses better ventilated, and the demands of social life much less than now, the women were healthy, and large families were the rule, as they are now the exception. Unwholesome excitements were rare, and when nightfall came, deep sleep fell upon the household, and it remained unbroken until the morning. The aspirations of men and women were limited, and there was little outside of the farm to worry about. Farming was more of a routine business; there were fewer crops, fewer wants, and less money. Now the city has pushed its iron arms out into the country in every direction, and, in summer, our city cousins invade every rural region, and disturb the dreams of rural people with their boundless display of wealth. Our shore towns are dotted with villas, our harbors with yachts, and little steamers are crowded with pleasure-seekers all through the summer. Farm houses in more retired towns are open to summer boarders; splendid turnouts, with gay trappings, whirl along country roads; dog-carts and other odd vehicles abound; society is penetrated with foreign elements; picnics, festivals, chowders, exhibitions of all sorts are in order, six days in the week, and on Sunday the old meeting house, with its gay bonnets and bright colors, looks more like a flower garden than a company of devout worshippers. What average family with Yankee blood in their veins, is going to get seven hours sleep under all these social excitements?"

"Well, Doctor," inquired Mrs. Bunker, "the railroads are built; the folks keep coming—what are you going to do about it?"

"Do the best we can, Mrs. Bunker," ontinued the doctor. "There is so much in society, and in our artificial habits, that sleep will no longer grow, as a wild plant, and take care of itself. We must cultivate it as we do corn and potatoes. There is no health without sound sleep; and thrift on the farm, as everywhere else, depends largely upon physical vigor. Sleep is a powerful medicine, which helps to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, uneasiness of any kind, like nervous dyspepsia. It is good for a broken spirit. We might change the hymn a little, without damage, and sing, 'Earth has no sorrow that *sleep* cannot cure.' Sleep, to be perfect, and profound, and restorative, should be so prepared for, that not a single discomfort should interrupt it. We should get ready for it just as we prepare for a day's work—have the tools all ready and every hindrance removed."

"Well, how are you going to get it when it don't come?" inquired Mrs. Bunker.

"It will come," continued the doctor, "if you get ready for it, like any other welcomed guest. The sleeping room, if possible, should be in the most quiet part of the house, above the first story, well sunned and ventilated, with as little furniture as possible in it—consecrated to sleep. Put away your feather beds and comfortables, as unfriendly aids to sleep, and wood bedsteads and bed-cords, with their untimely squeaking. Have solid iron bedsteads, with sheets and blankets that will take care of the perspiration, or, rather, prevent it, and keep the body at the most comfortable temperature. Rule your own house, and have a set time for going to bed, the sooner after nine o'clock the better, when every member of the household shall be ready for the main business of the night, no matter what is going on at the lodge, the hall, the ball, the temperance discussion, or the prayer-meeting,"

"What is going to become of our duties to society?" inquired Mr. Spooner.

"A man's first duty to society is to take care of his body," responded the doctor. "'Thou shalt not kill,' is a part of the decalogue, and neither man nor woman owes any duty to society that is not compatible with a sound mind in a sound body. Sleep is the one thing needful, if we would have either. What is a man worth to society with shattered health? Cultivate sleep and be worth something while you are awake."

"I am glad you are so orthodox on sleep," interrupted Deacon Smith. "But I am afraid, doctor, if Hookertown adopted your views, you would soon be without patients. I have followed your theory for thirty years, and have hardly had a doctor in my house. And sleep is just as important for our domestic animals as it is for men—in short, one of the best crops raised on the farm. It has a very important bearing on the production of milk. Any excitement in the herd that disturbs their quiet always lessens the flow of milk. My pastures are provided with shade trees, where the cattle can lie down in summer during the day, and at night they are turned into the pasture, where they always have the choice of a dry, clean bed. In the winter they have a bedded stall to sleep in, and after their evening rations are given them the barn is kept as quiet as the house. Sheep suffer very much from want of quiet, but the dog law has helped that matter very much in thinning out the worthless curs that used to chase them. It is quite possible now, in the towns where the law is inforced, to raise mutton, lamb and wool, and recuperate our pastures. In making pork cheaply, a good deal depends upon clean, dry quarters for the swine. The common proverb, 'the breed is in the trough, is only a half truth. The other half is in the blood and in the sty. The common notion that any place is good enough for swine is a very expensive heresy. The pig takes a mud bath in summer to keep cool and get rid of vermin, it may be; but give him a cool, dry place, and plenty of straw, and he will keep himself as clean as any other animal. If well fed he will sleep a large part of the time by day as well as by night. The more sleep you can induce in the sty, the cheaper you can make pork."

This tea-table talk at the parsonage has a fair amount of common sense in it. A perceptible change has gone over our New England farms, in the last thirty years, in making provision for the comfort of our domestic animals. The old-style accommodations, foddering cattle at the stack-yard, which used to be severely handled in the *American Agriculturist* in the early days, though still in existence, has greatly diminished. Sleep was a difficult problem on the frozen ground, with the thermometer down to zero, and it took at least a third more fodder to keep the animal in good condition. As a matter of fact, all stock thus wintered fell off in weight. It deteriorated the stock, while it brutalized the owner. Now the model barn, and such are multiplying quite rapidly, is a tight structure, almost frost-proof, well ventilated, built over a manure cellar, where all the droppings of the cattle are composed of muck, peat, leaves and straw, and turned to the best account. There is a large root apartment, or vault, on the stall floor, and roots furnish a part of the daily rations. The stalls are kept well littered; and abundant rations, comfortable temperature, and quiet, favor sleep. Milk production, in such a barn, is a possibility throughout the season, and occasionally a farmer is experimenting in making winter butter, on the whole, we concede the value of sleep as a farm crop.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

The Care of Lace.

Valenciennes is the cheapest, in the end, for many reasons. It is made with a round whole thread. Worn carefully, *not daily*, it can hardly be worn out. It can be washed any number of times; and, not so peculiar as the point or applique laces, the Mechlins, etc., all of which are much more fragile, it gives the soft effect of lace without attracting too much attention, so as to be recognized easily again. It is a very great mistake to keep laces (particularly Vallenciennes, which is not at all injured by being washed) for years without washing. Many women believe that all lace is ruined by washing, and will keep some cherished bits of lace for years and years, turning yellow with age, and rotting with the dust it has accumulated, till it really drops to pieces. Valenciennes does not need a skillful French blanchisseuse to "do it up," as the phrase is. Let the owner wrap a large bottle closely in white flannel, then sew tightly over the flannel a piece of cotton. After washing the lace carefully in lukewarm water and soap suds, in which may be dissolved a little borax (say a thimbleful of borax to a pint and a half of water), and rinsing the lace several times in clear water till no soap remains in it, wind the lace about the bottle which you have prepared as above. See that the lace lies quite flat without wrinkles; open the little loops that form the edge with a pin; stand the bottle in the sun. When the lace is quite dry, so that you may be sure of its entire cleanliness, you may, if you desire to give it the yellow appearance of old lace, take a soft handkerchief and dip it in a cup of black coffee, and sop the lace with it as a sponge, trying to do so very evenly; then let the lace dry. Some people prefer to rinse the lace in coffee before putting it upon the bottle, but I have found the method described above better.

There are some kinds of old ecclesiastical lace, usually Italian, that in point of endurance are superior to the Valenciennes. But these are enormously expensive, and unless they may be an heirloom, have no place in a work on economy. But some kinds of lace made to-day by ladies fond of fancy-work resemble it very much—not enough to be mistaken for it at all, but more like it than like any other lace. It is made with a particular kind of tape and with thread on a piece of black or green leather. The amateur usually makes it for furnishing purposes—table-cloths, etc.; but a very fine quality of this lace is beautiful for dress trimming. I have seen a piece made to cover the front breadth of a dress cut in the princesse fashion, reaching from the throat to the bottom of the dress, and the effect was really very beautiful. The lace can be made in the odd moments that many woman use for crocheting or knitting things of less use or beauty.

Lace! The word lace sounds like the "bagatelle" of the wealthy woman; but although it is not an article to be bought by the severe economist who earns a limited income, yet it may be her very good fortune should she inherit any of it, for it will save her many a penny that she wills pend in less enduring fabrics. And one or two really good pieces of lace will be a wise investment for the economist, who, having a small capital to dress on, can afford to buy from time to time a good and lasting thing.—*Harper's Magazine.*

A small boy testified in an Austin justice's court that the affray took place on a Sunday. "How do you know it was Sunday?" "Because that day I had to go to the back door of the saloon to get beer instead of the front door."